CHILD'S BOOK

ON

THE SOUL.

PART FIRST.



BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET,

Late Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

FOURTH EDITION, WITH QUESTIONS.

HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY COOKE AND CO.

1832.

Rev S. C. Malan
with kindest regards
from G. B. A.
Smyrna Feb 13th 1842





Robert looking in the water and musing. See p. 80.

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PREFACE.

To teach a child, that he has something within him, distinct from the body; unlike it; wonderfully superior to it; and which will survive it after death, and live for ever;——is the simple, elementary principle of all religious instruction.

This, too, is one of the first truths of religion, if not the very first, which the child is best able to comprehend, and which excites in him the deepest and most abiding interest in this momentous subject.

He perceives the objects which are addressed to his senses. He sees his own body, and can easily be made to notice and understand many of its peculiar qualities. He can be led to observe, that some of these qualities are like those belonging to the various, material objects around him.

He is conscious of his own sensations, emotions, and states of mind. It is wonderful, at how early an age he can be led to notice, and discriminate between them. In fact, he does this, every time that he says he is *hungry* or *thirsty*, *glad*, or *sorry*;—every time that he says, *he knows*, *he thinks*, *he believes*, *he remembers*, *he forgets*;—every time that he understands you when you tell him, that he is *a good or a bad boy*.

Now, it is no very difficult task, to lead him to notice, that *material objects* give no evidence that they feel, or think, or act voluntarily. *But he does.* He is conscious of doing so. He has *something*, then, within him, which such objects have not. What is this something? —Is it like the body, or wholly unlike it?

His body has qualities like those of the material objects around him. His body is *matter*. This something within him has no properties in common with matter. We have good reason, then, to conclude that it is wholly unlike matter. We call it immaterial. We

give it a distinctive name, although we know nothing of its essence We tell the child that he has *a soul*, meaning by this nothing more than that he has *something* within him which thinks, and feels, and recognizes the difference between right and wrong, and is entirely unlike his body, and distinct from it. He is told, that *his body* will die, and be laid in the grave and turn to dust; but that *his soul* will never die, that it is immortal.

Now he begins to feel an intense interest in the subject. Where will his soul be after death?—Who will take care of it?—How will it act; how will it feel?

He is then prepared to be taught, that there is *a Great Spirit*, like his own spirit, but infinitely superior to it, who made him, soul and body; to whom he is accountable; and who will reward and punish him after death, according as he conducts well or ill in this life.

Thus the foundation is laid for his arriving at the knowledge of the fact, that *God has made a Revelation to man*, and for his being taught the truths which this Revelation contains.

He may inquire, whether brutes have souls. Let him be answered candidly. They seem to have something within them which thinks, and is somewhat like the thinking principle in man; but it is immensely inferior to it; it is apparently incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong; and, with regard to its existence after death, we know nothing.

There are two important reasons, why a child should early be taught to notice, and discriminate between, its sensations, emotions, states, and operations of mind.

To do this, makes the child acquainted with its own spirit. The power of reflection is produced; cousciousness is called into exercise; habits of self-examination are formed. The little thinker begins, already, to aspire to the dignity of *an intellectual being*. His conceptions on intellectual subjects, though limited, are sufficiently accurate for *all the purposes of the present* developement of his mind and heart.

With the aid of these conceptions, he forms his notions, and the only precise ones of which he is, as yet, susceptible, of the ETERNAL MIND.

For let it never be forgotten by all concerned in the religious instruction of youth, that *the elements of all our notions of the Father of our spirits, must be derived from what we know of the emotions, states, and operations of our own spirits. Without these elements, all that Revelation proposes to teach us of God, would be wholly unintelligible.*

Another reason why a child should be early led, according to the measure of his capacity, to become an Intellectual Philosopher, is, that, in no other way, can he form distinct conceptions of the meaning of those names and terms in our language which denote intellectual objects. If he has not noticed the states of his mind when he *remembers*, and when he *forgets*, and also discriminated between them, how can he possibly know the meaning of these terms?

The author of this little volume, has endeavoured, in writing it, to accomplish some of the objects which have been alluded to in the above remarks. He commits it into the hands of mothers, and of all who feel an interest, or take a part, in the religious instruction of children. He would recommend, that it should be read, at suitable intervals of time, to quite young children, rather than put into their hands. For those a little older it will serve as a reading book; though they should be examined with regard to their knowledge of its contents, and their comprehension of its reasonings.

If inquiries are made, or difficulties started, or doubts expressed, by the child, let them be treated with the greatest attention.—*They who would teach children well, must first learn a great deal from them.*

One simple truth, *that a child has a soul, distinct from the body, which will survive it, and live for ever*, is all that is attempted to be illustrated and enforced. If the author has succeeded in doing this, let it not be objected, that he has not gone further. For one, he thinks, there is a great deal too much complexity in the early, religious instruction of children. They cannot learn every thing at once. Teach

a child the truth contained in this book. Answer his inquiries concerning it. Elicit his own views and illustrations. They will often surprise you. Fix *this truth* in his memory. Engrave it upon his heart. Make him feel that he is not a mere animal; that he has other and higher enjoyments than those which are sensual; that he is an intellectual, moral, and accountable being destined to an endless existence beyond the grave; and you have laid a foundation for teaching him that there is *a* God, *in whose hands is his eternal destiny; and that there is a* Book, *in which he can learn all that it is important for him to know with regard to the will of God, and his own happiness and duty.*

In conclusion, the author would beg leave to suggest, whether this volume might not be profitably used, in the religious instruction of the lower classes of pupils in Sunday Schools; in Infant Schools, as a text book, for the teacher; and in primary schools, as a reading book.

THE

CHILDS' BOOK ON THE SOUL.

A LETTER

To little Boys and Girls, from one who hopes, they will learn, both how to *be good*, and to *do good*. For, *to be good, and to do good, is the only way to be happy.*

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I HAVE six children. They are all quite young; and the oldest is not nine years of age. They often ask me to tell them stories; and I am glad to do so, when they are good children, and do what their father and mother wish to have them do. I wrote this book for them, and I have read it to the three oldest. The others are

too young to understand it yet, but I hope they will be able to do so when they grow older.

I thought it might do other little boys and girls good to read this book, or to have it read to them. So I have had it printed; and I hope, my Dear Children, that it will do *you good*, to learn and understand what I have written. If you cannot read it easily, you can get some body to read this book to you, and to tell you the meaning of any hard words which you do not understand.

I shall tell you a story about a little boy and his mother. The mother will say a great many things to the little boy, and he will say a great many things to his mother.

If you should sit down with any body; with your father, or mother, or brother, or sister, and talk with them for some time,——you say a good many things to them, and they say a good many things to you,——to do so, would be called *a dialogue.*

There will be several dialogues in this book. I did not write them, only to amuse you, as your playthings do. I wish to do something more than to amuse you. I wish to teach you some things which you ought to know, and to remember, if you wish to be good boys and girls.

The mother we will call Mrs. Stanhope; and the little boy, her son, we will call Robert.

I do not know, that there were ever such persons, as Mrs. Stanhope and Robert. But I can tell you better what I wish to tell you, if I talk about a mother and her son, and if I give them both names. All that they say will be right, and it will do you good to know it, and you must try to understand, and to remember it.

Do not be in a hurry to get to the end of the story. Be attentive to every part of it. If you do not understand any word, or any thing which Mrs. Stanhope and Robert say to each other, be sure to ask somebody to explain it to you. This is the way, you should always do, when you find any thing hard in the books which you read. It does not do little boys and girls any good to read books, if they do not understand them.

And when your father or mother, or any body is talking with you, and you do not know what they mean,——tell them, you do not understand them, and ask them, to please to explain it to you. And when they try to explain any thing to you, or to tell you the meaning of any hard words, and still you do not quite understand them, do not be afraid to tell them so. *It is very wrong, to say that you understand a thing, when you do not.*

Try to understand every thing that you are reading, or learning, or that any body says to you, and then you will improve fast; and then you will become wise, and I hope, also, good and happy.

But I suppose, you would like to hear the story about Mrs. Stanhope and her son

Robert, which, I hope, will be both instructive and entertaining to you.

I am your friend,

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET.

DIALOGUE I.

Robert Stanhope was five years old. His father died when Robert was a little boy. His mother had one other child, Eliza, who was three years old.

They lived in a pleasant town, in a small white house, near to the church, and to the school-house.

Robert and Eliza did not go to school. Their mother said, they should go when they were a little older. She used to teach them at home. She was a very kind mother, and they both loved her very much.

Behind Mrs. Stanhope's house there was a beautiful garden. One day she was walking in it with Robert. He picked some pretty flowers, to give to his little sister who

was in the house, and tied them together with a string which he had in his pocket.

After they had walked some time, they sat down on a seat, under a large, shady tree. It was in the afternoon, just before sunset. They breathed the pure, refreshing air. They smelled the sweet flowers which grew around them. They listened to the songs of the birds in the branches over their heads. All was calm and pleasant.

Robert had been a good boy, and he felt very happy. Mrs. Stanhope felt happy too. It always made her happy to see Robert a good boy. She took hold of his hand and kissed him. She thought, she would talk a little with him, and teach him some good things. So she began.

Mrs. Stanhope. Look, Robert. See that pretty, round, white stone. Pick it up, and hand it to me.



Robert. Here it is, mother. It looks like sugar. I should almost think, it was good to eat.

Mrs. S. No, my son, it is too hard to eat. It would break your teeth if you should try to eat it.

R. What is it called, mother?

Mrs. S. It is called a pebble, and I wish to talk to you about it.——If you should ask it any thing, would it answer you?

R. No, mother; a stone cannot speak.

Mrs. S. If you should try to teach it, could it learn any thing?

R. No, no, mother; you know it could not.

Mrs. S. Look at that beautiful rose in the nosegay which you have picked for Eliza. It is very different from the pebble. It has a stem and green leaves. It has soft, red and white leaves; and all put together,

so as to make a very pretty flower. When it was on the rose-bush, it lived and it grew. And it will live a day or two longer, if Eliza puts it into a tumbler, and fills it with water. The rose is much more curious than the pebble. It *lives*, but the pebble does not. Talk to the rose, and see, if it will answer you.

R. Mother, it will do no good for me to talk to the rose. Roses cannot hear or speak.

Mrs. S. Can a rose be taught any thing?

R. No, mother, no more than a pebble can.

Mrs. S. Do you know who gave me this watch?

R. You told me, that father did. What a pretty watch it is. Do open it, and let me see what is inside of it.

(Mrs. Stanhope opens the watch.)

Mrs. S. Look, Robert, and see how many curious, little wheels there are, that keep going round and round.

R. I see them, mother. I wish I had a watch that would go. Do you remember, the other day, when you opened your watch, and showed it to Eliza, she thought it was alive?

Mrs. S. Yes, my son, but your sister is a very little girl, and did not know any better. *You* know, that the watch is not alive.

R. But it seems as if it was. It moves of itself.

Mrs. S. No, Robert, a watch cannot move of itself, any more than a rose, or a pebble can. It must be wound up with a key, and there is a spring inside which makes all the wheels go.

R. Mother, the watch, I think, is a

great deal more curious than the pebble or the rose.

Mrs. S. Well, see, then, if the watch will say any thing to you, or if you can teach it any thing.

R. It cannot speak, mother; and I cannot teach it, any more than I can the pebble or the rose.

Mrs. S. Why cannot the watch speak, or learn any thing?

R. Oh! mother, I have just thought why it cannot, and why the pebble and the rose cannot.

Mrs. S. Well, what is the reason?

R. They have no mouths to speak with, and no ears to hear with.

Mrs. S. Is that all the reason?

R. I do not know any other, if there is, will you please to tell me.

Mrs. S. My son, it is beginning to grow

dark. Let us go into the house, and, after tea, I will talk with you more about these things.

So they went into the house, and Robert gave his sister all the pretty flowers that he had picked for her. Eliza kissed her brother, and thanked him for the flowers, and put them into a tumbler, and filled it with water.

DIALOGUE II.

After tea, Mrs. Stanhope told Eliza she might play a little while with her wooden blocks, and build houses on the floor. She then took her sewing and sat down by a table, and Robert sat down by her, in his little chair. He wished to have his mother

talk to him again about the pebble, the rose, and the watch. He had kept the pebble in his pocket, and now took it out and laid it on the table. Mrs. Stanhope put her watch, too on the table, so that she might see, when it was time for the children to go to bed. Robert began the conversation.

Robert. While we were talking in the garden, mother, about the pebble, and the watch, you said you would talk more with me about them, after tea. Will you please to tell me the reason why they cannot speak or learn. I thought the reason was, because they have no mouths nor ears.

Mother. That is one reason, my son, but it is not all. A dog has a mouth, and lips, and teeth, and a tongue, very much like yours, but he cannot speak, nor learn to read.

R. But our dog Tray can make a noise. He barks very loud sometimes.

M. Can Tray say any words?

R. No, mother, not one. I wonder why he cannot, if he has a mouth, and lips, and teeth, and a tongue so much like mine.

M. Did you ever try to teach Tray to read?

R. No, mother, dogs cannot learn to read. But I have taught Tray to drive the ducks away from the yard in front of the house. And I have taught him to run after my ball and bring it to me, when I threw it away out into the road. But I wonder why he cannot learn to read. He seems to know a good many things.

M. He knows some things Robert. But how many more things you and Eliza know, than poor Tray does. You and Eliza, too, can learn a great many *more* things, and

keep on learning as long as you live, and read a great many books, and get a great deal of knowledge. But Tray cannot do so. He knows about as much now as he ever will know.

R. Mother, did Tray know, it was wicked to steal the meat out of the cellar, when you whipped him for doing it?

M. No, he did not. He does not know any thing about what is right and wrong.

R. Do any dogs, or cats, or horses, or cows, or sheep, know any thing about what is right or wrong, mother?

M. No, my son, they do not. Men, and women, and boys, and girls, know what is right and wrong; but beasts, and birds, and fishes, do not.

R. Do flies, mother?

M. No, nor any kind of insects; nor frogs, nor toads, nor worms, nor snakes.

You see how very different you are, Robert, from all these animals, and from a watch, a rose, and a pebble. You can understand me, when I speak to you. You can speak to me, so that I know exactly what you mean. You can learn to read, and to write, and to do a great many different things, and you can keep on learning, and studying books, and gaining knowledge. You know what right and wrong is. You feel happy, when you do right; and you feel unhappy, when you do wrong. Do you understand all this?

R. I think I do, mother.

M. Remember then, how very different you are from a pebble, a rose, a watch, and your dog, Tray. We will try, by and by, to find out, *what it is that makes you so different from them.*

R. Mother, do tell me now.

M. No, my son, I shall have to explain some things to you first, before you can understand me. Perhaps, in a few days, I shall be able to tell you about it.

R. Well, mother, I always find, you know best how to teach me, so I will wait till you are ready. But will you talk to me again soon, about the pebble, the rose, the watch, and Tray? I love to hear about them very much.

M. If you are a good boy, I will talk to you about them, to-morrow. It is time for you and Eliza to go to bed now.

DIALOGUE III.

The next day, soon after breakfast, Mrs. Stanhope and her two children went to take a walk in the garden. It was a fine morning.

There was not a cloud to be seen, and the sun shone bright and pleasant. Their little dog Tray went with them, running and playing by their side. Eliza asked her mother, if she might go and pick some fresh flowers, to put into her tumbler along with those which Robert gave her. Mrs. Stanhope said yes, and away ran Eliza, as fast as she could go, with Tray running after her. Mrs. Stanhope and Robert, after they had done walking, sat down on a bench, and talked with each other.

Robert. Mother, you remember, you promised to tell me something more about the pebble, the rose, the watch, and my little dog. Only see, how he is running after Eliza.

Mother. I remember my promise, that I would do so, if you were a good boy.

You have behaved very well, and we will talk a little before we go into the house.

R. I have been thinking some, this morning, mother, about what you told me, last evening. And I thought, how very different sister Eliza is from the pebble. She is not like it at all.

M. But, Robert, is not Eliza like the pebble a very little?

R. How, mother, I do not understand you?

M. Can you lift the pebble?

R. Yes, mother, it is very light.

M. Can you lift Eliza?

R. Yes, I did the other day, but I could hardly do it, she is so fat and heavy. Mother, she is heavier than I am. Mr. Smith weighed us, last Saturday afternoon, in his great scales.

M. Then Eliza has more weight than you.

If Mr. Smith should weigh Eliza and the pebble, which would have the most weight?

R. Eliza would weigh as much as a great many pebbles.

M. Then she would have a great deal more weight than one pebble.

R. Yes, mother.

M. Then the pebble has something that Eliza has; for *they both have weight.*

R. That is true, mother, and I now see, that Eliza and the pebble are a little alike.

M. Which feels the hardest, the pebble or Eliza's hand?

R. The pebble, mother, but Eliza's hand is pretty hard too, she is so fat.

M. Then Eliza and the pebble *both have hardness.*

R. Yes, mother, and I see again, that they are a little alike.

M. See, Robert, Eliza is standing near

the fence. Do you see her shadow on the fence?

R. Yes, mother. How exactly it is like her. If I had my slate and pencil here, I think I could draw that shadow.

M. Here is a lead pencil and some paper. See, if you can draw it.

R. I will try.

(Robert takes the pencil and paper, and draws the shadow.)

M. You have done it very well. What you have drawn, is the shape or form of Eliza. Now draw the form of the pebble.

(Robert draws the form of the pebble.)

R. Mother, the form of the pebble is round, but the form of Eliza is,——I do not know what to call it,—it is not round or square,—but it is like her shadow.

M. Eliza and the pebble, then, *both have shape or form.*



R. Yes, mother, and this makes three things, in which they are a little alike.

M. What is the colour of the pebble?

R. White, mother. Oh! I guess what you are going to tell me now, that Eliza and the pebble, *both have colour*. But she has a great deal the prettiest colour. She has a great many different colours. Her hair and her eyes are black. Her neck and her hands are white. Her teeth are white too, and what a beautiful red cheek she has. Mother, is she not a very pretty girl?

M. I hope your sister will be a *good* girl; for it is much better to be a good child, even if one is ever so ugly, than to be a bad child and ever so pretty.

Now tell me, Robert, in how many things, Eliza and the pebble are alike.

R. They are somewhat alike in four

things, mother; in *weight*,—in *hardness*,—in *form*,—and in *colour*.

M. Suppose a lion should catch Eliza, and take her into his great mouth; could he not break her body into a great many pieces?

R. Mother, are there any lions near here?

M. No, my son, you need not be afraid of the lions. They live a great way from here, and can never hurt you or Eliza.

R. I am very glad of that, mother.

M. If you should take a hammer and break the pebble, what would you break it into?

R. Into pieces.

M. Yes, my son, or you would break it into parts. It means the same thing.

R. And, I suppose, if a lion should catch my poor sister, he would break her body into a thousand pieces or parts.

M. Then Eliza and the pebble, ***both have parts.***

R. Yes, mother, but Eliza has a great many the most parts.

M. Come Eliza. Come Robert. It is time to go into the house and begin our little school.

So they went into the house, and Mrs. Stanhope sat down with them in the parlour, and taught them how to read and spell.

DIALOGUE IV.

After Mrs. Stanhope had kept school one hour, she told Robert and Eliza they might play a little while. Eliza got her wagon, and put her doll in it, and went out into the front yard to draw it about. But

Robert did not go to play. He wished very much to talk with his mother again, and asked her, if she would please to tell him something more about the pebble. She consented, and Robert stood by her side, for he said, he was tired of sitting.

—

Mother. Tell me, Robert, in how many things, your sister and the pebble are alike.

Robert. I think I remember, mother. They are alike in having *weight*, *hardness*, *shape* or *form*, *colour*, and *parts*.

M. Look, Robert, the rose that you gave Eliza, is still alive. It has hardly faded at all.

R. She has poured some fresh water into the tumbler, mother, two or three times, and I suppose, that has kept it alive.

M. Robert, try if you can tell me, in

how many things the rose and your little sister are alike.

R. I can tell you, mother, some things in which Eliza and the rose are alike, because in some things they are both like the pebble.

M. Well, tell me.

R. Eliza, and the rose, and the pebble too, have weight, hardness, form, colour, and parts.

M. That is right, my son; but which is most like Eliza,—the pebble, or the rose?

R. The rose, mother.

M. Why?

R. Because its shape is more like Eliza's shape; and it has several, different, beautiful colours, like Eliza; and it has a good many parts, and so has Eliza.

M. Now see, if you can tell me any thing in which the rose is like Eliza, but the pebble is not

R. Mother, that is a hard question for such a little boy as I am to answer.

M. Yes, but you must learn to think, before you answer a question.

R. I will try to think, mother, but let me think a few minutes.

M. Just as long as you wish, my son.

(Robert thinks a few minutes, and then says,)

R. I can *smell* the rose, mother; and what a delightful smell it has. Sometimes the beautiful roses in our garden smell so sweet, that all the air smells of them.

You remember, the other day, after Eliza had washed her face and hands very clean, you said, mother, that *she smelled as sweet as a rose*. So they *both have smell*.

M. There is one thing, then, Robert, in which the rose is like Eliza, but the pebble is not,—*in smell*.

M. There is one other thing, my son, in which the rose is still more like Eliza. Can you think what it is?

R. I do not know, mother, unless it is, that *the rose grows*. For it was once a little bud, and it has grown to be a large flower.

M. You are right, Robert. Eliza was once a little infant, like the bud, and she will grow and be a woman, like the full-blown rose. *Eliza and the rose both have life.*

R. Mother, is Eliza's life like the life of a rose?

M. No, they are very different. The rose cannot feel, if you should break off one of its leaves. But Eliza can feel; and it hurts her, if you only pull one hair out of her head. The rose cannot go from one place to another; but Eliza can walk, and run about.

R. Is the life of a rose like the life of a pink, mother?

M. Yes, and it is like the life of all other flowers, and like the life of trees, and wheat, and rye, and corn, and potatoes, and turnips, and grass.

R. Mother, I remember you told me, one day, that all these things are called *vegetables*.

M. Yes, and their life is called *vegetable life*.

R. Mother, Tray feels when you hurt him, and he can go from one place to another. Is not his life like Eliza's life?

M. Yes, my son, and so is the life of all dogs, and cats, and horses, and cows, and sheep, and of all things that can breathe and move about. Their life is like the life of men, and women and children, and we call this *animal life*.

R. Then *my life* is not vegetable life; it is *animal life.*

M. You are right, my son. But we have talked long enough. Go and play a little while with Eliza, and then I will call you both to say another lesson.

DIALOGUE V.

In the evening Eliza was very tired, she had played so much, and she grew very sleepy soon after tea. Mrs. Stanhope went with her up stairs and put her to bed. She brought the candle down. For Eliza was a good girl, and always went to sleep, alone in the dark, without a candle.

Mrs. Stanhope then went into her library where she kept her books, and took Robert with her, and asked him if he did not wish

to look at some pictures, but he said he would rather talk with his mother. So they sat down on a sofa, and Mrs. Stanhope began.

Mother. See, my son, if you can remember in how many things, Eliza and the rose are alike.

Robert. I will try, and see if I can, mother. The rose is like Eliza, in having *weight; hardness; form; colour; smell;* and *life.*

M. What is the difference between Eliza's life, and the life of the rose?

R. Eliza has *animal life,* but the rose has *vegetable life.*

M. Now let us see, Robert, in how many things, Eliza and the watch are alike.

R. I think, I can tell, mother.

M. Well, try.

R. They are alike, mother, in having *weight*, *hardness*, *form*, *colour*, and *parts*. It does not seem to me, that the watch has any smell at all.

M. Has the watch nothing else like Eliza?

R. I want to think a little, mother.

M. That is right, my son; when you have a hard question to answer, always take time to think.

(Robert thinks, two or three minutes, and then says,)

R. Mother, I wish I could look inside of Eliza.

M. Well, what if you could?

R. I think, I should see some little wheels going round and round, like those in the watch.

M. What makes you think so, Robert?

R. Mother, you know the little things

on the watch, that you showed me, the other day. Let me look at them now.

M. Here, take the watch.

R. Mother, what do you call these two little things that go round and round, and tell us what o'clock it is?

M. They are called *hands*.

R. That is strange, mother; I was going to call them so, and to tell you, that the little wheels inside make them go, just as *something inside of Eliza, makes her hands go.*

M. We must try to find what *this something* is, inside of Eliza, that makes her hands go.

R. That we can never do, mother.

M. Why not, my son?

R. Oh! mother, you could not open my little sister, and look inside of her, without *killing her.*



M. That we will never do. But, do you remember the little boy who died, last winter, in the small house, just beyond the bridge, and that I took you to see the corpse, before it was buried?

R. Yes, mother, I never felt so before, as I did while I was looking at that little boy. I touched his cheek, and it was as cold as ice. I took hold of his little hand, but it was stiff. He had stopped breathing. He could not see, nor hear, nor move. Could he feel any, mother?

M. No, my son, no more than a pebble can.

R. William Baker was a pretty little boy, mother, I used to play with him a great many times. I am very sorry that he is dead. Why did they put him down into that dark hole in the ground?

M I will tell you about that some

other time, my son. Before he was buried, the physicians opened his little body, to see, if they could find out what it was that made him die.

R. When I die, will *my body* be opened, mother?

M. I do not know, my son. Sometimes the physicians wish to open the body of a dead person, so that they may find out what made him die, and learn how to cure other sick persons.

R. I suppose, when they open a dead body, they can see all the little wheels inside, that made it go when it was alive.

M. Yes, my son, and when you grow older, you can learn all about what is inside of the body. But there are no little wheels inside of the body, like those in a watch. There are a great many different *parts*, however, that move one another, and

make the whole body move. Do you know what it is that makes the wheels inside of a watch go?

R. Did not you tell me, mother, that it was a spring, and that it must be wound up, to make the watch go?

M. Yes, my son, the watch cannot make itself go, and if it was not wound up, it would soon stop going, and be still, and the hands would not move.

R. Mother, can any body make any thing that will go of itself, and keep going?

M. No, my son, I never heard of any body that could. But what is it that makes Eliza's hands go?

R. Mother, some of those parts inside move one another, and then move her hands, just as the hands inside of a watch move one another, and then move the hands of the watch. Is it not so?

M. I will talk with you again, about this, to-morrow, Robert. It is time for you to go to bed now.

DIALOGUE VI.

The next day Mrs. Stanhope called Robert and Eliza very early, to go and take a walk with her before breakfast. The sun was just rising, as they left the house. The dew drops glittered on the grass. The birds sang sweetly. Every thing was pleasant, and Robert and Eliza being good children, felt happy, and their mother felt happy in seeing them so. After they had walked about a mile, Eliza said, she felt tired, and they all sat down on a large stone, to rest. Mrs. Stanhope took a book full of *pictures* from her work bag, and gave it to

Eliza to look at. Then she and Robert had the following conversation.

Robert. Mother, you said you would talk with me to day, about the watch and Eliza again.

Mother. We were trying, my son, to find out what it is inside of Eliza, that makes her hands go.

R. Yes, and I thought it must be the parts inside of her, which move one another, and then move her hands, just as the wheels inside of a watch do.

M. But, the wheels inside of a watch, would not go, if the spring did not set them a going.

R. Mother, has Eliza a spring inside of her too, that keeps her a going?

M. That is what we must try to find out. If she has, it cannot be like the spring

of a watch, for that is made of steel, and Eliza has nothing like steel inside of her.

R. Yes, mother, and the spring of a watch has to be wound up every day, or it would not make the wheels go. And I am sure nobody winds up Eliza.

M. Robert, put your right hand to your right ear.

R. There, mother, I have.

M. Now put your right hand to your left ear.

R. I have, mother, but why do you wish to have me do so.

M. Wait a little, and I will tell you. Now put your left hand to your left ear.

R. There it goes, mother.

M. Now, put your left hand to your right ear.

R. I have—how quick it goes, mother.

M. What made it go?

R. It went of itself, mother.

M. Could little William Baker's hand go of itself to his ear, when he was dead?

R. No, mother.

M. Why not, Robert?

R. Mother, his hand was dead and stiff, it could not move, but mine is alive and limber, and so it can move.

M. What is the reason that your hand does not move now?

R. I do not wish to have it move, mother.

M. If you should wish to have your right hand go to your nose, would it go?

R. Yes, mother, there it goes just as quick as I think to have it go.

M. Think to have both of your hands go forward.

R. There they go.

M. Think to have them go backward.

R. There they go.

M. Could little William Baker think to have his hands go?

R. He could when he was alive, mother,—he used to make them go, a good many times, when he played ball with me. But when he was dead, he could not think any thing at all. *He could not think to have his hands go.*

M. Can a watch think to have its hands go?

R. Mother, a watch cannot think about any thing at all. It never thinks, and when it is not wound up, and stops going, it is just like dead William.

M. After a watch has stopped, and it is wound up again, will it go?

R. Yes, mother.

M. Can a watch wind itself up?

R. No, mother you have to wind it up,



or the spring would not make the wheels go.

M. How do I wind it up?

R. With your hand.

M. What makes my hand wind it up?

R. You think to have your hand wind the watch up.

M. Look here, Robert, my watch has stopped; the spring and the wheels do not move. Take it, and wind it up.

R. I am afraid I shall break it, mother.

M. I will show you.

(Mrs. Stanhope shows Robert, how to wind the watch up, which he does very well.

R. Mother, the watch goes again.

M. Yes, because you wound it up. What did you wind it up with?

R. With the key?

M. What made the key wind it up?

R. My hand.

M. Did your hand go of itself?

R. No, mother, I thought to have it go, and it went just as I wished to have it, and turned the key round.

M. Can you make your foot go, when you think to have it go?

R. Yes, mother, there it goes up.

M. Can you think to have any other parts of your body move?

R. Oh! yes, mother, a great many. I can stand up, and sit down, and walk, and run, and hop, and jump, and throw my ball, and draw my wagon, and shake my head, when I want to say yes or no, and open my eyes and shut them, and open my mouth and shut it, and eat and drink, and do,—Oh! a great many things whenever I wish to.

M. Well, children, it is time for us to go back again. Give me the book, Eliza, *you have* been a good girl to look at it

while Robert and I have been talking. Let us go home, and get some breakfast.

DIALOGUE VII.

THERE was a summer-house in Mrs. Stanhope's garden, which was covered all over with a beautiful honey-suckle. It was a shady pleasant place, and cool, because the sun could not shine into it. There were seats inside of it, and Mrs. Stanhope often used to sit there with her little children.

After dinner, Robert and his mother went to the summer-house, and sat down on the bench, and Robert said to his mother:

Robert. Mother, will you talk with me again about the watch, and tell me what it

is, inside of Eliza and me, that is so different from what is inside of the watch?

Mother. Yes, my son; you remember that the watch cannot go, unless the spring is wound up; and that the spring cannot wind itself up; and that somebody must wind it up with a key.

R. Yes, mother, and I am very different from the watch, because I can think to have my hands and feet go, and to do a great many things, and the watch cannot think to have its hands move at all.

M. Shut your eyes, Robert, cover them with your hand, and sit quite still; do not move your body, nor head, nor arms, nor feet.

R. Mother, I cannot sit so, long, or I shall be very tired.

M. You need not sit so, only a few *minutes.*



R. Well, I will try, mother.

M. Think of something *round.*

R. I have, mother.

M. What is it?

R. A ball.

M. What kind of a ball?

R. The little ivory ball that Eliza plays with, sometimes.

M. What colour is it?

R. Red, and there is a string tied to it; and, mother, it looks just as if I could see Eliza playing with it, on her little stool, in the parlour.

M. You may open your eyes, Robert. Can you see Eliza, now, playing with her ivory ball?

R. No, mother, but I can, if I shut my eyes again. Oh! how many things I see, when I am asleep, mother; I dreamed, last night, that I saw William Baker. He

looked just as he did when he was alive. He ran very fast, and I tried to catch him, but I could not, and he ran away across the bridge, and I was a little frightened, and I awoke.

M. Was you in bed when you awoke?

R. Yes, mother, I had not moved at all; for I remember I went to sleep on my right side, and I was on my right side, when I awoke.

M. I suppose, you could shut your eyes, and see William Baker, now.

R. Yes, mother, I do, and I see him just as I saw him in my dream.

M. You can dream that you run, then; or you can shut your eyes, and think that you are running, when your body is quite still?

R. Yes, mother.

M. You can ***think that you are doing things, then, when you are not doing them?***

R. Yes, mother, I can think now, that I am driving my hoop all around the yard, while I am sitting here in the summer-house.

M. And you can *think that you are seeing things, when you are not seeing them?*

R. Yes, mother, I can think now, that I am looking at the beautiful picture, in your library, over the fire place.

M. Robert, how does a rose smell?

R. It smells sweet.

M. Does an onion smell like a rose?

R. No, mother, very different. I do not like the smell of an onion.

M. How do you know. You are not smelling a rose and an onion.

R. But I can think how they smell; and I can think how a great many other things smell.

M. Then you can *think, that you are smelling things, when you are not smelling them?*

R. Yes, mother, and sometimes when I have a bad cold, and cannot smell at all, still I can think how things smell.

M. And suppose you were lame, could you think, that you were running?

R. I believe I could, mother.

M. And suppose, you were blind, could you think of seeing things?

R. Yes, mother, I believe I could.

M. Which do you like best, a peach, or an apple?

R. A peach; it tastes a good deal the sweetest.

M. But you are not tasting a peach, or an apple.

R. No, mother, but I can think how *they taste.*

M. You can *think, then, that you are tasting things, when you are not tasting them?*

R. Yes, mother.

M. Which do you like to hear best, a a flute, or a drum?

R. A flute, mother; and I can think, now, that I am hearing uncle John play on his flute.

M. Then, you can *think that you are hearing things, when you are not hearing them?*

R. Yes, mother, and so I can *think that I am feeling things, when I am not feeling them.* I can think, how a stone feels, and how my ball feels, and how your hand feels.

M. And can you think how *you feel,* when you are cold?

R. Yes, mother, and how I feel, when

I am warm, and when I am hungry, and when I am dry, and when I am sick.

M. Robert, is not all this very strange?

R. Mother, I wonder, I never thought about it before. What is it that I have, which is so different from any thing that the watch has, or the rose, or the pebble? What is it: what do you call it, mother?

M. I am not quite ready to tell you yet. And it is best, now, for you to go and play a little. We have talked long enough.

DIALOGUE VIII.

The next day was Sunday. Mrs. Stanhope went to church with Robert and Eliza, who were good children, and behaved very well. In the evening, after Eliza had gone *to bed, Robert,* who was sitting at the

table, looking at some pictures, asked his mother to talk with him again about his *thinking*. She was glad to see him wish to improve. She shut up the book which she was reading, and she said:

Mother. I wish to see, Robert, if you remember some of the things which I have taught you. Tell me, how you are different from a watch.

Robert. I can think to have my hands and feet move, and to do a great many things,—and then they do move, and I do the things just as I wish to.

M. And how else are you different from a watch?

R. I can think, that I am doing things, when I am not doing them. I can think, that I am seeing things, when I am not seeing them;—that I am smelling things, when I am not smelling them;—that I am tast-

ing things, when I am not tasting them;—that I am hearing things, when I am not hearing them; and that I am feeling things, when I am not feeling them.

M. Hold up your thumb, and look at it. Can your thumb think to do any thing?

R. No, mother.

M. Can your hand think to do any thing?

R. No, mother, it is *I* that think to have my hand move. My hand cannot think to have itself move. When I think to have it move, it moves just as I wish to have it.

M. Can your arm, or your foot, or any part of your body, think to do any thing?

R. No, mother, when they do any thing, they do it, because *I think first to have them do it.*

M. Shut your eyes, and think again *about Eliza, playing* with her ivory ball.

R. I do, mother, and I can think, how pretty she looks with her new, red frock on.

M. In what part of your body, do you seem to be thinking,——in your foot?

R. No, mother, it seems as if I was thinking somewhere inside of my head.

M. Look at me, Robert, do you see me?

R. Yes, mother, I see you very well.

M. When William Baker was dead, did you see him?

R. Yes, mother, he was lying on a bed in the front room.

M. Was he just like *the William Baker* that used to play ball with you?

R. Almost; only his face looked very pale, and his eyes were shut.

M. But William Baker that used to play with you, could think to throw the ball and catch it, and do a great many things

R. Yes, mother, and when he shut his

eyes, I suppose he could think, that he saw a great many things which he did not see, just as I can.

M. *Then he had something inside of his head that could think,—just as you have.*

R. Yes, mother, but was that something inside of his head, while he was lying on the bed when I saw him?

M. No, my son, it was not there. It was gone. If it had been in his head, he could have thought to open his eyes, and they would have opened;—he could have thought to speak to you, and he would have spoken;—he could have thought to get up, and he would have got up and played with you. You saw William Baker's body, but it was a dead body, and the *something which thinks* had gone out of it. It went out when he died.

R. It was only his dead body which I

saw; ***where had the something that thinks, gone?***

M. That I will tell you some other time. But look at me again, do you see me?

R. Yes, mother, I have my eyes open, and see you very well.

M. Suppose I should die now, just as William Baker did; would you see me then?

R. I should see your *dead body.*

M. Yes, my son, but would you see that something in my head which thinks?

R. No, mother, and I cannot see it now. I wish I could look inside of your head and see it. Or, I wish your head was like glass, a little while, and then I could see it.

M. If you cannot see that something in my head which thinks, when you are looking at me, what is it that you do see?

R. Mother, I see your *live body*, just as,

when I was looking at William Baker, when he was lying on the bed, I saw his *dead body*.

M. *When you see a dead body, you know, that the something which thinks has gone out of it;* because the dead body cannot see, nor hear, nor smell, nor taste, nor feel, nor move, nor do any thing at all.

R. Yes, mother, and *when I see a live body, I know, that the something which thinks is still inside of it;* because it can see, and hear, and smell, and taste, and feel, and move, and do a great many things.

M. Well, my son, we have had a long talk, and I see you begin to look a little tired. You may take the candle and go to bed, and be careful not to wake Eliza up.

DIALOGUE IX.

THE next morning, Robert was up very *early*. He left his little sister in bed, fast

asleep, and he called Tray, and went and took a long walk.

When he returned he went into the library, and took one of his books, and was reading in it, when Mrs. Stanhope came in. He bade his mother good morning, and kissed her, and told her, he had been taking a walk. Mrs. Stanhope said, that was right, and that it would make him strong and healthy. Then Robert asked his mother, to talk with him again, about that something inside of our heads which thinks. She sat down, near the window, with him, and they began to talk together.

Mother. Robert what am I thinking about?

R. How can I know, mother, if you do not tell me. I cannot look inside of your head, and see your *thinking*.

M. Now, Robert, do you shut your eyes, and think about something.

R. Well, I do, mother.

M. If you do not tell me what you are thinking about, I cannot know. If you choose, you can keep all your thinking to yourself.

R. And so can you, and so can every body. William Baker, mother, sometimes used to say to me, "Give me a cent, and I will tell you what I am thinking about." And once Eliza talked in her sleep, so I suppose, I knew what she was dreaming about. Mother, *is dreaming and thinking, the same thing?*

M. They are very much alike. You know, when you dream, it seems to you as if you were awake.

R. Yes, mother, and I can see a great *many things,* which I cannot see, when I

am awake; and I can do a great many things, which I cannot do, when I am awake.

M. Shut your eyes, and see if you cannot dream.

R. It is not exactly like a dream, mother, but it is almost, for I was thinking, that I had wings and was flying.

M. Well, Robert, that something in your head which thinks, when you are awake, thinks too, when you are asleep; and *your thinking, when you are asleep*, is called *a dream.*

R. Mother, I dreamed once when I was awake.

M. What do you mean, Robert, how can that be?

R. Mother, I was sitting one day, in the parlour, looking into the fire, and seeing all the curious coals burn. It was al-

most dark, and there was no candle in the room. I kept looking and looking at the coals. At last, there was one coal that looked just like William Baker's face, and I began to think about him, and I thought we were playing ball together, behind the school house. And I kept thinking so a long time. At last, you came into the room, and spoke to me, and I turned round, and I did not seem to know where I was. It was just as I am, mother, when I wake up, out of a dream.

M. Your thinking all that time about William Baker, when you was so still, and looking into the fire, is called—*musing.*

R. One day, mother, I was looking over the bridge, and seeing the water run under it. And it kept running, and I kept looking at it. And I began to *muse* about sail*ing in a boat* with William Baker. And it



seemed as if we were sailing down the river. And at last we came near to the large rock below the bridge, you know, mother. And I was frightened, and began to think where I was. And I was so glad to find that I was not in the boat.

M. Yes, my son, then, also, you were *musing*.

R. What a curious thing that is which is inside of my head, mother. It thinks a great deal, and, while I am awake, it keeps thinking, always, about something or other.

M. Try, if you can stop thinking.

R. I cannot, mother, can *you?*

M. No, my son, I have been thinking ever since I was a little girl.

R. But not always, mother.

M. Why not, Robert?

R. Mother, you have been asleep a good deal of the time, and we do not always

dream when we are asleep. Some nights I do not dream at all.

M. Well, I have thought a great deal, while I was awake.

R. So have I, mother. I do not think I could count all the different things that I have been thinking about. Oh! mother, do tell me what that curious thing is, that is inside of my head, that keeps thinking so. You said you would.

M. I will, my son. Look at me. Be attentive, and never forget what I am going to tell you. That something inside of you which thinks, and keeps thinking, is your SOUL.

R. Oh! mother, how glad I am that I have *a soul;* and that *you have a soul;* and that *little sister has a soul.* If we had not souls we could not talk with each other, and we could not love each other.

Mother, is your soul, and Eliza's soul, like my soul?

M. This evening, Robert, I will tell you something more about the soul. It is time to go to breakfast now.

DIALOGUE X.

In the evening, Robert put Mrs. Stanhope in mind, that she promised to talk with him again about the soul. She said she would do so, after Eliza had gone to bed; and she told Robert to sit down in his little chair, and study a short lesson, while she went up stairs with his sister. Robert was a good boy, and did as his mother bade him, and when she came down, she took a chair and sat by him, and they had the following conversation.

Mother. Robert, can you tell me what the soul is?

Robert. *My soul*, mother, *is that something inside of me which thinks.*

M. You have a body and a soul. I have a body and a soul. Eliza has a body and a soul. And every man, and woman, and boy, and girl, has a body and a soul.

R. Mother, have very little babies souls?

M. Yes, my son, but you know they do not think much, till they grow older.

R. Mother, does the soul grow?

M. Not like the body. But the soul is able to think more and more; and to understand more and more; and to learn more and more; and to know more and more a great many good and useful things. And so we may say the soul grows.

R. But we do not give the soul food, *mother, to* make it grow, as we do the body.

M. No, my son. We cannot feed the soul, as we do a little child, when it is hungry. But we teach the soul a good many things. And this *teaching is the food of the soul.*

R. Mother, I wish you would teach me a great many things, so that my soul may grow fast, and be as large as uncle John's.

M. That I shall be glad to do, my son, and I hope you will make as good a man as your uncle John, too. But, tell me, Robert, is your soul any thing like a pebble, a rose, or a watch?

R. No, mother, but *my body is;* because my body has weight; hardness; form; colour; and parts; and so has a pebble, a rose, and a watch.

M. How many things can you see Robert?

R. Mother, I cannot tell you how many

things I can see. I can see almost every thing.

M. Can you see my soul, Robert?

R. No, mother, and you cannot see mine. I cannot see my own soul; but I can think how it thinks.

M. When you see things, what do you see?

R. I see how they look, mother. I see whether they are round or square; or long or short; or large or small; or red, or white, or black, or green, or yellow.

M. Then you see their form and their colour.

R. Yes, mother, and I can see how far off they are.

M. You can hear a great many different things, making a great many different kinds of sound.

R. Yes, mother, I can hear the bell

when it rings for church; and the stage-horn when the driver blows it; and the flute when uncle John plays on it; and the chickens, and the ducks, and the cow, and the sheep, and Eliza when she cries; oh! how many things I can hear!

M. Can you hear my soul, Robert?

R. I can hear *you*, when you speak, mother.

M. Yes, I think what I am going to say to you, and then, I think to have my tongue and my lips move; and I speak, and you hear the sound of my voice. Put your ear to this watch. Do you hear any thing?

R. Yes, mother, it goes, tick, tick, tick.

M. Now put your ear close to my head. I am going to think. See, if you can hear my thinking.

R. No, mother, I cannot at all.

M. My soul, then, makes no noise when it is thinking, and you cannot hear my soul, only you can hear my voice when I tell you what I am thinking.

R. That is very strange, mother. The soul must be very different from any thing that I can see or hear.

M. Yes, my son. And can you taste, or smell, or touch my soul?

R. No, mother, and I cannot taste, or smell, or touch my own soul.

M. You cannot tell, then, whether your soul is round or square, or long or short; or red or white, or black, or green, or yellow. You do not know that it has any form or colour at all. You cannot tell, whether your soul sounds like a bell, or like a flute, or like any other thing.

You do not know that it has any sound *at all.*

You cannot tell, whether your soul tastes like any thing.

You do not know that it has any taste at all.

You cannot tell whether your soul smells like any thing.

You do not know that it has any smell at all.

You cannot tell, whether your soul is hard or soft, or whether it feels like any thing.

You do not know that it can be felt at all.

R. What do you call all those things, mother, that I can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch?

We call them *matter;* and we say they are *material.*

R. Then my *body is material.*

M. Yes, my son, but your *soul is not*

material. Or, what is the same thing, *your soul is immaterial.*

R. Mother, I suppose *your soul*, too, is immaterial; for I cannot see it, nor hear it, nor taste it, nor smell it, nor touch it.

M. Yes, every body's soul is immaterial. Remember my son, that you have a body and a soul. Your body you can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch. It is like the pebble, the rose, and the watch. *It is matter.* *It is material.* Your soul has not form, or colour, or sound, or taste, or smell, or hardness, or softness. *It is not matter.* *It is immaterial;* or, what is the same thing, we call it *spirit.* The rose, the pebble, and the watch have no spirit.

But you look a little sleepy. Go to bed, and to-morrow we will talk again about the soul.

DIALOGUE XI.

The next morning, Robert rose before sun-rise. As he came down stairs, he met his mother. "Come my son," said she, "let us go and take a walk in the garden. And, if you wish it, I will tell you something more about the soul." So they went into the garden, and while they were walking, they had the following conversation.

Robert. Mother, does not Tray think sometimes?

Mother. What makes you think so, Robert?

R. He stops, and seems to be thinking what he shall do, and then he runs away off, as if he meant to go after something that he had been thinking about.

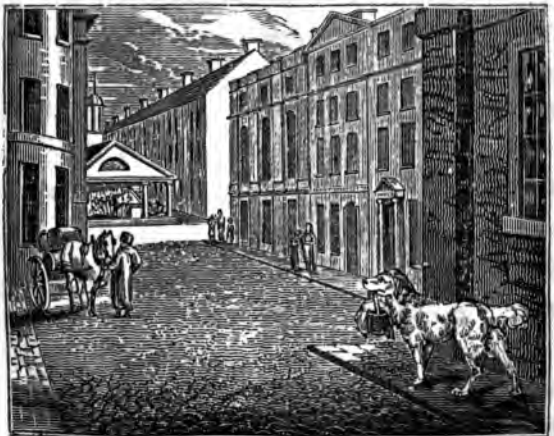
M. Yes, and when you tell him, Robert, to go after your ball, you know he will go.

R. Mother, I have heard about a dog that used to carry a basket for his master to a butcher in the market, and get some meat, and bring it safe home. He used to do this very often, and the master would send the money by him, and write on a piece of paper and tell the butcher what kind of meat he wanted. I wish Tray could do so.

M. Well, I believe, Robert, that dogs think, and so do other animals. But that something within them which thinks, is very different from that something within us which thinks. *Tray has not a soul like yours.*

R. Mother, his *body* is a good deal like mine.

M. Yes my son he has animal life, and *so have you.* He grows, and so do you. He



eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and walks, and feels cold and warm, hungry and thirsty, sick and well, glad and sorry, and so do you. He will die, and so will you. His body will turn to dust and so will yours. But, when you think of your soul, how different you are from Tray!

R. Yes, mother, and I am very different, too, from horses, and cows, and sheep, and birds, and fishes.

M. And from all things, Robert, that live and move, except men and women, and children. Their souls are like your soul, and we call the souls of men, and women, and children, *human souls.*

R. And, mother, do you call the bodies of men, and women, and children, *human bodies.*

M. Yes, my son.

R. Then mother, I have a human soul, and a human body.

M. Yes, and there is one thing which makes you very different indeed, in your soul, from your dog Tray.

R. What is that mother?

M. *You know what is right, and what is wrong, and he knows nothing about it.* You feel happy, when you think, that you are a good boy; and unhappy, when you think that you are a bad boy; but Tray does not think and feel so.

Besides, you can talk, and he cannot. You can learn to read, and to write, and to cypher, and he cannot. As you grow older, you can study all the books in my library, and you can do business, like your uncle John; but Tray will never be able to do so. He will always be a poor ignorant dog as long as he lives.

R. Mother, Tray cannot laugh or cry.

M. No, my son, *his feelings are very*

different from yours. You are delighted with looking at new pictures, and reading new books, and seeing new things, and having new thoughts and getting knowledge, and thinking what you will do, when you grow up to be a man. Tray is not delighted with any of these things.

I hope, you feel the most happy, when you obey me, and think, that you are a good boy, and are kind to Eliza, and to others, and try to do them good, and to make them happy. And, I hope, you intend, when you grow older, to do a great deal of good to others, and to make a great many people happy. Now, Tray does not have any thoughts or feelings like these.

R. I see, mother, more and more, how different I am from Tray.

M. Yes, my son, and if I had time, I could tell you many other things in which

you are very unlike your little dog. But I have said enough, I believe, to show you, that *the something inside of Tray which thinks, is very different, indeed, from your soul.*

R. Mother, has Tray any soul at all?

M. If he has a soul, Robert, it is not like a human soul. It is such a soul as beasts, and birds, and fishes have. I hardly think, we ought to call it a soul.

R. What ought we to call it mother?

M. I do not know, my son, exactly what to call it. It is *the something in beasts which thinks*, but there is no name for it.

R. Mother, uncle John told me, once, several stories about an elephant, and he said he thought elephants knew more than any other kind of beasts.

M. They seem to know a good deal, *Robert.*

R. Suppose, mother, you should take an elephant when he is very young, and have somebody to teach him all the time, could he ever learn so much as a man?

M. No, my son, if ever so much pains should be taken with him, till he was fifty years old, he would not know as much as your little sister does now. A little child, if he is well taught, will grow wiser and wiser, every day that he lives, and when he becomes a man, he will know more than all the elephants, and all the beasts in the world.

R. Mother, how much can a man learn?

M. I cannot tell you, Robert,—*your soul* can keep on learning and gaining knowledge, as long as you live. You think *I* know a great deal, but there are some persons that know ten thousand, thousand times as much as I do.

R. Mother, I wish I knew *as much* as you do. I begin to think, how glad I ought to be, that I am so different from the beasts, and that I have a soul which can do so many wonderful things. If I was like Tray, I should feel very sorry. But, I have a soul, and I hope I shall be a wise and a good man.

"I hope so, too," said Mrs. Stanhope, and then they left the garden, and went into the house.

DIALOGUE XII.

In the evening, Mrs. Stanhope once more took her seat by the table, and told Robert to come and sit by her. Eliza had gone to bed, a little while before. Robert seemed *to be more and* more glad to talk with his

mother about his soul. And, Mrs. Stanhope was also happy to talk with him, he was so still and attentive to what she said.

Mother. Robert can you tell me what *matter* is?

Robert. Matter is any thing which I can see, hear, taste, smell, or touch.

M. What is *spirit?*

R. That something within me which thinks, and feels, and knows what is right, and what is wrong. It has not form, colour, sound, taste, smell, hardness, or softness. You told me, mother, that it is the same as my *soul?*

M. You remember, Robert, we were talking, some days ago, about William Baker.

R. I remember it, mother.

M. You know, they put his body into a

coffin, and carried it to the burying ground; and there they lowered it down into the grave, and covered it all over with earth.

R. Yes, mother, and I went the other day to see little William's grave. I love to go there and think about him, only it makes me cry, sometimes. The grass now has grown all over his grave, and there is a white stone at one end of it with his name on it, and it tells how old he was when he died.

M. When William Baker died, his body was put into the grave, but his soul was not. Your body, Robert, will be put into the grave, when you die, but your soul will not.

R. Will my soul live, mother, after my body is dead?

M. Robert, *your soul will never die. Your body will* die, and be laid in the

grave, and turn to dust. But your soul will never die. It will live always.

R. I do not understand you, mother.

M. Look here, Robert, I will make as many marks on this slate as there are days in one year.

There, I have made the marks. Now, do you count them.

R. I have, mother, and there are three hundred and sixty-five.

M. That is right, there are three hundred and sixty-five days in one year. If I was to make as many marks again, they all would be two years. Now, suppose, I was to fill all the slate full of marks on both sides, how many years, do you suppose, they all would make?

R. I do not know, mother. Perhaps they would make as many as ten years.

M. Well, they would,—about that.

Now suppose, I was to fill ten slates full, how many years would that make?

R. One hundred, mother, because ten tens make one hundred.

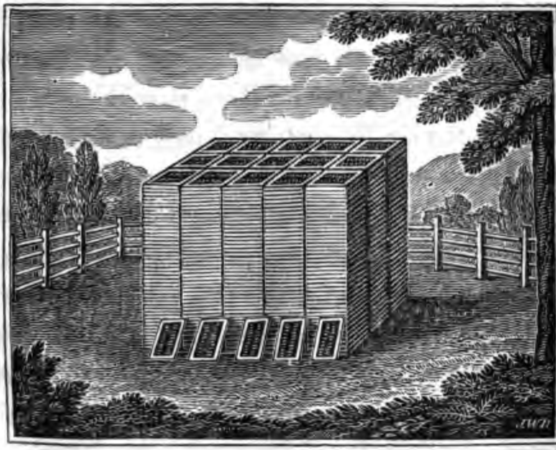
M. Suppose this room was full of slates, as full as it could hold, one piled on the top of another, and every slate was full of marks, and every mark made one year;—how many years would they all make?

R. Oh! I do not know, mother, I could not count them.

M. Suppose every room in this house was full of slates, all covered with marks; and every house in this town full of them, and you should carry them all into a large field, and pile them all, one on the top of another;—how many years would they all make?

R. Oh! mother, nobody could tell. It would take you all your life to count them.

M. Well, my son, your soul will live as



many years as all the marks, on all the slates, would make.

R. And will my soul die then, mother?

M. No, Robert, it will not die then. *It will keep on living.* It will live as many years again, as all the marks on the slates in the great pile. And then it will not die. It will keep on living. It will live as many years as all the marks would be on a hundred such piles of slates,—on a thousand such piles of slates,—on as many such piles as you can think of, from the ground away up to the sky, one on the top of another. And *then your soul will not die. It will still keep on living. Your soul will live forever. It will never, never die.*

R. Oh! mother, mother, how long my soul will live. I cannot think how long it will live. But where will it live?—where *will it go to,* when I die? Who will take

care of my soul? What will it do? Will it keep thinking? Will your soul, and mine, and dear sister Eliza's go to the same place, mother, after we are all dead? Do you know? If you do, do tell me. I wish to know all about it very much indeed.

M. Robert, I am afraid we have not time now. But it shall not be long before I will tell you about it. You will have a great deal to learn about your soul; and about where it is going to, after your body is dead and laid in the grave; and what you must do, that your soul may be happy forever. For remember, *your soul will never die. Your soul will live forever.*

Robert then went to bed; but he did not go to sleep for some time. He kept thinking about his soul, and wondering where it would go to, after his body should die, and be laid in the grave.

CONCLUSION.

My Dear Children,

I have now finished what I meant to tell you about Mrs. Stanhope and her son Robert. I hope you have understood it all, and that you will remember it.

You see how much little Robert wished to have his mother teach him, so that he might gain useful knowledge. And you, my dear children, should be very glad when your parents, or older brothers and sisters, or teachers, wish to talk with you about good things, and to make you understand what it is useful and important for you to know. Listen to them attentively. Remember what they say to you, and be *thankful to them* for all their kindness.

We should always try to get good from every book that we read. And can you not get some good from this little book? Will you not always remember, that each one of you, as well as little Robert, has ***a soul***, which will live after the body is dead, and will live forever,—***will never, never die!***

Think of this; ask your parents and teachers to tell you more about your soul; and what you must do, that your soul may be good and happy, after your body is dead. Perhaps I, too, may tell you something more about your soul, in another little book like this.

I am your friend,

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET.

QUESTIONS ON THE DIALOGUES.

NOTE.—At the suggestion of some friends of Sunday schools, and of Infant schools, the author has prepared the following list of questions. They relate, not only to the particular thoughts contained in the dialogues, but, also, to such other thoughts, as these would naturally suggest.

The questions are placed at the end of the book. When questions are placed at the bottom of each page, and the proper answers are *all* to be found, by a glance of the eye, there is scarcely any judgment or ingenuity called into exercise. There is great danger of its all becoming a mere mechanical process.

Let the pupil read, and have explained to him, *one dialogue thoroughly*. Then propose the questions. It will test his knowledge of the subject; it will lead him to pursue continuous trains of thought; and teach him *to think for himself*.

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE I.

Can a stone speak, or learn any thing?

Can a lump of earth? Can a piece of iron?

Tell me some *other things*, like stone and iron, that cannot speak, or learn any thing.

How is a rose different from a pebble?

What *other things*, besides a rose, live and grow?

Can a rose speak, or learn any thing?

Can a pink? Can a tulip? Tell me some *other things*, like a rose, that cannot speak, or learn any thing.

What is inside of a watch?

Is a watch alive? Does it move of itself? What is there inside of a watch, that makes the wheels go?

What must be done, to make a watch go?

Which is the most curious, the watch, or the rose?

Can a watch speak, or learn any thing? Tell me some *other things*, that are curious, like a watch.

Can *they* speak, or learn any thing? Tell me some *other curious things*, that cannot speak, or learn any thing? Why cannot the pebble, the rose, and the watch, speak?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE II.

Can any thing that has no mouth, and no ears, speak, or learn any thing? Can a dog speak? He has a mouth, and lips, and teeth, and tongue.

Can a horse? Can a cow? Can a sheep?

What *other animals* are there, which have a mouth, and lips, and teeth, and tongue, that cannot speak?

Can a dog make any noise? Tell me of some *other animals*, that can make a noise, but cannot speak.

Can a dog learn to read?

Can a horse? Can a cow? Can a sheep? Tell me of some *other animals*, that cannot learn to read.

What can you teach a dog? What a horse? What any other animals?

What things do *you* know, that *a dog* does not know?

What things can *you* learn, that *a dog* cannot learn?

What things can you *keep on* learning?

Can a dog *keep on* learning? *How much* can he keep on learning? Do dogs know, that it is wicked to steal?

Do dogs know any thing about what is right, and what is wrong? What *other animals* are there, that do not know any thing about what is right, and what is wrong?

How are *you* different from beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects?

How do you feel, when you do right?

How do you feel, when you do wrong?

Are you *very different*, from a pebble, a rose, a watch and a dog?

What *other things and animals* are you very different from?

Do you wish to know, what it is, that makes you so different from them?

Do little children know best, how they should be taught? *Who* does know best?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE III.

Are you like a pebble *at all?*

Does a pebble weigh any thing? How much do *you* weigh?

Which has most weight, you or a pebble?

Tell me *some other things*, like a pebble, that have *weight*, as you have.

Has a pebble hardness? What *other things* have hardness?

Have *you* hardness? What *part* of you has hardness?

Is any part of you as hard as a pebble?

Tell me some other things, like a pebble, that have *hardness*, as you have.

Did you ever see the shadow of any little boy or girl?

Can you draw the shadow of a little boy? If you were to draw his shadow, would it be exactly like him, as a picture is?

What do you mean by the *form* of a little boy?

Can you draw the form of a horse? Would it be like *your* form? Can you draw the form of a pebble? Tell me some *other things*, like a pebble, that have *form*, as you have.

You have weight and form, like a pebble; what *other things* have you, like a pebble?

Tell me some *other things*, like a pebble, that have *colour*, as you have.

If you were to break a pebble, *what* would you break it into?

If you were to be caught by a lion, what would he break *you* into?

Tell me some other things, like a pebble, that have *parts*, as you have?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE IV.

In how many things are you like a pebble?

In how many things are you like a rose?

Which is *most* like you, a pebble, or a rose?

In what thing, are *you* like a rose, but *the pebble* is not?

Tell me some *other things*, like a rose, which have *smell*, as you have. Does a rose grow?

What was it, when it was very small?

What was *you*, when you was very small?

Have you grown much? Do you grow any *now*?

Tell me some *other things*, like a rose, that *live and grow*, as you do. Is *your* life like the life of a *rose*?

Can a rose feel? Can *you*? Can a rose walk? Can *you*?

Tell me some *other things* that *cannot* feel or walk.

Tell me some *other things* that *can* feel and walk.

What are flowers, trees, wheat, rye, corn, potatoes, turnips, and grass, called?

What is their *life* called?

Can a dog feel? Can he go from one place to another?

Is a dog's life, like *your* life? What do you call all *things, that* can breathe and move about?

What is your life, and the life of all things that can breathe and move about, called?

Is *your* life, *vegetable life?*

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE V.

In how many things, are you and a pébble alike?

In how many things are you and a rose alike?

What is the difference between *your* life, and the life of *a rose?*

What is the difference between the life of a potato, and the life of a horse?

Tell me some things, that have animal life.

Tell me some things that have vegetable life.

In how many things, are you and a watch alike?

What are those two little things on the watch called, that go round and round, and tell us what o'clock it is?

What makes them go round and round?

Have *you* any thing inside of you, that makes your hands go? Do you think, that you have any *little wheels* inside of you?

What is it, inside of a watch, that makes the wheels go?

What must you do to the spring, to make a watch go?

Can a watch make itself go?

Why does a watch stop going?

Can any body make any thing, that will go of itself, and keep going?

Tell me of any thing *else*, that has wheels inside, and goes as a watch goes.

Tell me of any thing *else*, that can make itself move, as *you* can.

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE VI.

Have you any thing, inside of you, like the spring of a watch, which makes your body move?

Put your right hand on the top of your head.

Put your left hand on the top of your head.

Put your right hand to your left eye.

Put your left hand to your right eye.

What made your hands go so?

Did you ever see a dead person?

Can a dead person's hand move? Why not?

Why does not your foot move *now*?

If you should wish to have your foot move, would it move?

Think, to have your hands go to your head.

Can a dead person *think*, to have *his* hands, or any part of his body, move?

Could a dead person, *before he died*, think, to have his hands move?

Can a watch think, to have its hands move?

After a watch has stopped, what must be done before it will go again?

Can a watch wind itself up?

How does a person wind a watch up?

What makes his hand wind the watch up?

Wind this watch up. Does it go? Why does it go?

What did you wind the watch up with?
What made the key wind it up?
Did your hand go of itself?
Think, to make some parts of your body move.
Can you think, to have any other parts move?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE VII.

How are *you* different from a watch? *Its* hands move, and *your* hands move. Does the watch move differently from what *you* do?

Put your hand over your eyes and shut them, so that you cannot see at all.

Think of something round. What is it?

Tell me all about it.

Open your eyes. Can you see it now?

What do you see, when you are asleep?

Do you ever dream of playing with any little children?

Do you ever dream of walking or running?

What *else* do you dream of doing?

Can you shut your eyes, now, and *think* of doing something, while you are quite still?

What *other things* can you *think* of doing, while you are not doing them? What things can you think of *seeing*, when you are not seeing them?

What things can you think of *smelling*, when you are not smelling them?

What things can you think of *tasting*, when you are not tasting them?

What things can you think of *hearing*, when you are not hearing them?

What things can yon think of *feeling*, when you are not feeling them?

Can a pebble, a rose, or a watch, think so?

Have *you* something very different from any thing that a watch, a rose, or a pebble, has?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE VIII.

How are you different from a watch?

What can you *think*, that you are doing, when you are not doing it?

Can your finger think to do any thing?

Can your thumb? Can your hand?

Who thinks to have your hand move, when it does move?

Can any part of your body think to do any thing?

Shut your eyes, and think of something.

In what part of your body, do you seem to be thinking?

Look at me; do you *see* me?

When you look at a dead person, do you see *him*, just as you see *me* now?

Have I something inside of *my* head, now, which thinks?

Has a *dead person* something inside of *his* head which thinks? Where has it gone?

When the dead body was alive, was there something *inside of the* head which could think?

If I should die now, would you see me, then, just as you see me now? *What* would you see?
Can you see that *something* which is now inside of my head, and thinks? Look very attentively at me. If you do not see it, *what* do you see?
When you see *a dead body*, what do you know about the something which thinks?
When you see a *live body*, what do you know about the something which thinks?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE IX.

Look at me. What am I thinking about?
Can you look inside of my head, and see my thinking?
Shut your eyes, and think of something.
Can I tell what *you* have been thinking about, if you do not choose to tell me?
Can you keep all your thinking to yourself?
Is dreaming and thinking, the same thing?
When you dream, how does it seem to you?
Can you dream, *now*? What is dreaming?
What is musing? Did *you* ever muse?
Try to muse now. What have you been musing about?
Is not that a very curious thing inside of your head, that can do so many wonderful things?
Can you stop thinking? Try.
Have you *always* been thinking?

Can you tell me all the different things, that you thought about yesterday?

Can you tell me all the different things that you *ever* thought about?

What is that *wonderful something* inside of you which thinks, and keeps thinking, called?

If we had not souls, could we talk with each other? Could we love each other?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE X.

What is the soul?

Have all men, and women, and children, souls?

Does the soul grow? What is the food of the soul?

Do you wish to have *your* soul grow?

Is your soul any thing like a pebble, a rose, or a watch?

Tell me some *other things* that your soul is not like.

Is your *body* like a pebble, a rose, and a watch?

In what things, is your body like a pebble, a rose, and a watch?

Can you see a great many things?

Can you see *my* soul? Can I see *yours*?

When you see things, of what shape, or form, are they?

When you see things, of what colour are they?

When you see things, at what distance are they?

Can you hear a great many different things?

What things can you hear? Can you hear this watch?

I am thinking; can you hear my thinking?

Can you hear my soul, and tell me what kind of a *noise* it makes?

Can you tell how my soul *tastes*?

Can you tell how my soul *smells*?

Can you *touch* my soul?

Can you *see*, *hear*, *smell*, *taste*, or *touch*, *your own* soul, or any body's soul?

Has the soul any form or colour, at all? Has it any sound, at all? Has it any taste, at all? Has it any smell, at all?

Does your soul feel, like any thing? Can it be felt, at all?

What do you call *those things*, that we can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch?

Tell me *some things* that are matter.

Tell me some *more things*, that we call material.

What is your body?

Is your *soul*, material? What is your soul?

What is matter? Is any body's soul material?

What is *every body's* soul?

How is your soul quite different from, and wholly unlike, your body?

Your soul is not matter. It is immaterial.

What *else* do we call the soul?

What things have no spirit?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE XI.

Does a dog, a horse, or cow, ever think?

Have you ever heard any curious story, about a dog, or any other animal? Tell it to me.

Is that something inside of *a beast*, which thinks, like the something inside of *us* which thinks?

Has a dog a soul like *yours*?

Has a dog a body like *yours*?

What has a dog, like what *you* have; and what does he do, like what *you* do?

From what things that live and move, are you very different?

Whose soul is your soul like?

What kind of beings do we call men, and women, and children?

What kind of souls, do we call the souls of men, of women, and of children?

What kind of bodies, do we call the bodies of men, of women, and of children?

What is it, in *your soul*, that makes you very different, indeed, from a dog, and from all beasts?

How do you feel, when you think that you are a good boy?

How do you feel, when you think that you are a bad boy?

Has *a dog* any such thoughts or feelings?

You can talk. What *other things* can you do, that a *dog cannot?*

Will a dog ever learn more than he knows now?

Can a dog laugh or cry? What things delight *you*, which do not delight *a dog*?

What should it delight you *most* to do?

Has a dog, any soul, at all? Have beasts, or birds, or fishes, or insects, human souls?

Have we any name for that something, inside of them, which thinks?

If an elephant should be taken, when he is very young, and taught all the while, could he ever learn as much as a man?

Can a little child, if he learns and keeps on learning, till he grows up to be a man, know more than all the elephants, and the beasts, in the world?

Can *you* keep on learning more and more?

Is not your soul, that can do all this, and keep on learning more and more always, a very wonderful thing?

Do you not wish to learn a great deal more about your soul?

QUESTIONS ON DIALOGUE XII.

What is matter? What is spirit?

Have you ever seen a person buried?

What was put into the grave?

Will *your body* ever be put into the grave?

Will *your soul* be put into the grave?

Will your soul live, after your body is dead?

Will your soul ever die?

How long will your soul live?

If you should cover a slate all over with marks, on both sides, and every mark should count one year;—will your soul live as many years, as all the marks would make?

If you should get a great pile of such slates, all covered with marks, reaching from the ground, away up to the sky;—will your soul live as many years, as all the marks, then, would make?

Would it still *keep on, and keep on,* living?

How many years will your soul live?

What do you mean by *forever?*

Is it not wonderful, that your soul will live forever?

Do you not wish to know, *where* your soul will live, after the body is dead; *where* it will go to; and *who* will take care of it?

RECOMMENDATIONS OF

THE CHILD'S BOOK ON THE SOUL.

If the talent of a work is to be estimated, not merely by the depth and originality of the conclusions which are reached, but by the soundness of its philosophy, the accuracy of observation which it exhibits, and the nice adaptation of means to an end in attaining the object in view, then this little book displays more talent than half the octavo volumes which have appeared in our language for many years. It is admirably adapted to be read and recited by the younger classes in Sunday Schools. Without some knowledge of this kind, the instructions there communicated will be wholly in vain.—*Quarterly Christian Spectator.*

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